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AUGUSTUS.
A
POEM
ON THE
ACCESSION
Of His MAJESTY
King GEORGE. I

Humbly Dedicated to the Right Honourable
CHARLES, Lord *Hallifax*,
One of the Lords Justices appointed by His MAJESTY.

By P. TURNER, of *Trinity-College*,
Cambridge.

Deus nobis hæc Otia fecit
AUGUSTUS. Virg.

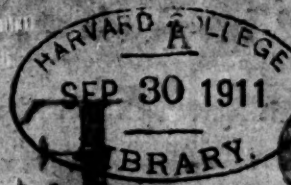
L O N D O N :

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Price Six-pence.

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LONDON:

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Price Six pence.



To the Right Honourable

C H A R L E S,

Lord HALLIFAX.

Great **SIR,**

IN that umbrag'ous Grott or op'ning Glade,
Where tuneful Love-sick * Pindar often play'd ;
When e'er You sung the sportive Vales around,
And wanton Echo revel'd in the Sound :
Those pleasing Accents fell on ~~our~~ ^{your} ~~to~~ ^{to} hear
Trill on Your Tongue, and dwell upon our Ear.
But when Your Country's Interest call'd You forth,
In the bright Lustre of Your innate Worth ;

DEDICATION

*Like DAVID, from the Royal Scepter You came,
 To prop the shatter'd Nation, and refix its Frame.
 Like Him, in Harmony You heal our Wounds,
 And tune our frantick Madness by Your Sounds.
 Like Him, a Guardian to Your Country's Cause,
 You teach us by Example more than Laws.
 Since Fame with feeble Flight Your Deeds pursues,
 Accept the Boy, and spare an Infant Muse.*

In publica Commoda peccem
 Si longo Sermone morer tua Tempora Gra

Hor.

I
 Where tuneful Love-lark * Pindar often play'd;
 When'er You sung the Parnassian Vale around;
 And counton Heav'n's harmonious strain
 Those pleasing Notes to hear
 Till on Your Tongue I saw the Poet's Ear.
 But when Your Countenance I call'd You forth,
 In the bright Lustre of Your innate Worth;

A Cowley.

Like



Under the pendent and the umbr'd Shade
The Shepherd sat, and to his Flock thus play'd:
Grazed the flow'ry fields, my Lambs, and stray
Secure, and fear no prowling Beasts of Prey.
Luxuriant Peace fits brooding on the Plains

And with Apollo your Augustus Reigns.
His Majesty's Accession.

Not Shepherds Cares nor humble Strips we'll sing.
CLOSE by where Camus moves his languid Streams
There stands a Hill from which auspicious Thebes

Often take their Flight, and as old Poets tell,

Apollo left Paradise for this Hill

The Shepherd here with unambitious Lay

Inchants his Flock, and sweetly spends his Days

The Sylvan Nymphs, the Lambs, the Rural Swains

Leave destitute the Fields to hear his Strains

The Nymphs their sweet bubbling Springs forsake,

On Camus Banks their new Meanders make

The Goats that leave the shaggy Hills advance

And antick Satyrs in their frisking Dance

The

The Captive Girl, rais'd from the Corn Bed,
First gently lins, then gently drops his Head.

Under the pendent and the unpierc'd Shade,
The Shepherd sat, and to his Flock thus play'd :
Grazed in the flow'ry Meads, my Lambs, and stray
Secure, and fear no prowling Beasts of Prey.
Luxuriant Peace fits brooding on the Plains,
And with *Apollo* your *AUGUSTUS* Reigns.
Begin, my Muse, and touch a softer String,
Nor Shepherds Cares nor humble Shrubs we'll sing.
As when Great *Pollio* mov'd the *Mantuan* Swain,
He left his Pipe, and sung a nobler Strain.

Be *Daphne's* Flight and *Phaebus* Flame first sung,
In Verse like *Daphne* green like *Phaebus* young
Long liv'd the Virgin-Tyrant of the Groves,
The Theme and Object of the Satyr's Loves,
The Huntress was with Bow and Quiver arm'd,
And chaste as *Delia* more than *Delia* charm'd
Apollo saw, Love kindled his Desire,
Hope gave new Fuel to the raging Fire,
His Oracle prov'd true, and gain'd his Lyre.

Magi-

Magicians so to us our Lots relate,
 But never know their own unhappy Fate.
 With treach'rous Speed th' affrighted Goddess run,
 With winged Speed the God to be undone.
 So the fleet Hound pursues the circling Hare,
 So she in Mazes strives to loose her Fear.
 In vain he claim'd his Kindred Gods above,
 In vain descended from the mighty Jove,
 High Birth's but a weak Argument in Love.
 With eager Haste the God contracts the Space,
 Nor cou'd she longer lead the weary Chace.
 Help thy distressed Nymph, *Diana*, hear
 ' The Nymph that draws thy Bow, and bends thy Spear
 Thus to the Goddess of the Groves she pray'd,
 The Goddess of the Groves refus'd her Aid.
 Her Father *Pereus* chang'd her to a Tree,
 Which might preserve her Youth and Virtue free.
 To closest Shades the Laurel now retires,
 As if she shun'd her Lovers radiant Fires.

No more, my Muse, of *Phoebus* anxious Fate,
 And *Daphne*'s never-fading Change relate.
 The bashful Nymph that from bright *Phoebus* ran,
 With pliant Arms shall now embrace the Man.

On *Daphne's* verdant Temples Laurels grows,
While this our *Pindus* stands, *Parnus* flows
For MARLBRO'S Glories.

MARLBRO'S Achievements ev'ry Muse inspire,
Warm ev'ry Genius with Poetic Fire.

Endow'd with *Homer's* Heat, we wou'd declare

Each mighty Toil, comment on ev'ry War.

Great as *Achilles* we a Theme wou'd take,

Each glorious Action shou'd an *Iliad* make :

How You, Great MARLBRO, held the bloody Reins,

Binding the Captive *Gaul* with glorious Chains,

And with a Purple Deluge wash'd the Plains.

When You appear'd, the *Gaul's* Hosts gave way,

Britannia's Shouts proclaim'd the dismal joyful Day.

The blushing Nymphs receiv'd within their Womb

Their conquer'd Sons to shelter of their Doom.

But griev'd to see such potent Hosts a Prey,

Fled to their Spring no less alarm'd than they.

So while th' unrav'ling Rivers back return,

Rivers of Blood from Hills of Slaughter'd run.

Oft has the *Gaul* these tragic Scenes fulfill'd,

Afraid to conquer, and compell'd to yield.

While *Blenheim*-House or *Addison's* Campaign,

So long these Actions and your Fame remain.

From

From glorious Actions and immortal Toils,
 When Britain's Troops return'd enrich'd with Spoils,
 Th' admiring Croud were dazzled with Surprise,
 And on the Godlike Hero fix'd their Eyes.
 So for a Moment blaz'd the Man of Fame,
 But those who at the Height of Honour aim,
 Never want Envy to eclipse their Name!
 By factious Libels each unbridled Elf
 Wou'd steal the Hero's Bays to crown himself;
 Envy had hift, and charling Satyr rail'd
 If any Arm, like MARLBRO's, had prevail'd
 Ah! what cou'd move your Country's unjust Hated
 Your Glories set in Clouds of adverse Fate?
 Your Virtues were a Crime they were so great.
 Happy the Man whom Heav'n's indulgent Hand
 Dejects awhile to make him firmer stand.
 You've conquer'd Envy to a prosperous End,
 Falling you rise, and make each Foe a Friend.
 For ANNA lost, when widow'd *Albion* mourn'd,
 And sympathizing Grief each Face adorn'd,
 From foreign Climes you came to bring Relief,
 Bright Harbinger of Joy, to moderate our Grief,
 JUST *Aristides* so from Exile came,
 To raise the Glories of th' *Athenian* Name.

So *Luna* sets, bright *Phœbus* leads the Way,
 Till brighter *Phœbus* claims the Guidance of the Day.
 For see what nobler Beams around us play,
 And Light succeeding Light outshines the Day.
AUGUSTUS comes, deck'd with refulgent Rays,
 Like new-born *Phœbus* from the Eastern Seas.
 The *British* Muse shall now no longer mourn
 For *Albion's* Loss and *Anna's* setting Sun.
 Begin the joyful Hymns, sing, sing, and play,
 Join'd by the Nines to celebrate the Day.
 But what adventurous Muse in equal Strain
 Shall sing the peaceful Blessings of his future Reign!
Minerva throws th' emblazon'd Helmet down,
 And Olive-leaves the peaceful Goddess crown.
Pan guards his Flock beside some rilling Brook,
 The Hand which wield the Sword now holds the Crook.
 See beaut'ous *Flora* with her Festons drest,
 Sending forth Sweets from her enamell'd Breast!
 See golden *Ceres* crown'd with wavy Corn,
 Which, *Hydra*-like, from Blood the Fields adorn!
 The various Seasons Hand in Hand advance,
 Eternal Spring leads on the mystic Dance.
 Graces and circling Joys return again,
 With white *Astræa* and her banish'd Train,
 And *Saturn's* Days roll round in great *AUGUSTUS* Reign.

Hail

Hail sacred Peace! 'tis you that deign to smile,
 And brooding strow these Blessings on our Isle;
 These Blessings shall attend his peaceful Reign,
 And thus shall sing the Muse-inspired Train.

O cou'd the Muse eternalize the Song
 Of him that touches *Albion's* Fame tho' young!
 Led by a Star the Eastern Monarchs came,
 And saw the Deity at *Bethlehem*:
 They saw what all the ancient Bards did wish,
 And prais'd the myitie King in Human Flesh.
 So when the radiant Light of *ANNA's* Star
 Shall thus in rising Majesty appear;
 To You, *AUGUSTUS*, suppliant Kings shall come,
 And from thy Throne both *Indies* fetch their Doom:
 Led by its Influence they here shall find
 The second King and Saviour of Mankind.
 You guide the World, it justly owns your Sway,
 You hold the Reins, and all Things must obey.
 Had *Archimedes* known this *British* Isle,
 Like You he'd made the World obey his Will.
 As the submissive Planets always run
 Their airy Circle waiting on the Sun;
 So reigning in the Centre You dispence
 Like him to all Light, Life and Influence.

Albion shall be no more with Toils oppress'd,
 Or harass'd out with Wars require Rest,
 She'll lodge her Gales in Great *Augustus* Breast.

And thus shall sing the Muse-inspired Tisim

Great *Janus*, ever old and ever young,
 Approve the Subject, and inspire the Song.
 May you confine in Adamantine Chains
 The giddy Faction that among us reigns,
 And bar your Temple with eternal Bands.
 May we be free from envious Fiends at home,
 Least by our Strength and Crimes we fall like *Rome*.
 In Sylvan Solitudes from Avarice free,
 I'll live, nor envy golden Slavery.
 I seek not Honour, airy Praise or Pelf,
 In shunning these the Muse rewards her self.
 So *Daphne* gain'd the Laurel when she fled,
 And unsought Wreaths adorn'd the Virgin's Head.
Phœbus you've been propitious to my Lays,
 Enjoy your Laurel, others win the Bays.
AUGUSTUS shall the watchful Shepherds keep,
 With Guardian Care, as Shepherds do their Sheep.

Thus play'd the Shepherd to the list'ning Throng,
 He'd better play'd if I had better sung.

Like him to all Light, Life and Influence

F I N I S.